And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdome,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, *and a Gentleman.*

Quee. I will not speake with her,
Gen. She is importunat,
Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Quee. What would she haue?
Gent. ,She speakes much of her
There's tricks i'th world, and hems
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speak
That carry but halfe sence, her spee
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth mo
The hearers to collection, they ya
And botch the words vp fit to the
Which as winckes, and nods, and g
Indeede would make one thinke t
Though nothing sure, yet much v
Hora. Twere good she were sp
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breed
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as si
'Each toy seemes prologue to som
'So full of artlesse iealosie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be sp
Oph. Where is the beauteous M
Quee. How now *Ophelia.*
Oph. How should I your true l
By his cockle hat and staffe, and hi
Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what
Oph. Say you, nay pray you ma
He is dead and gone Lady, he is d
At his head a grasse greene turph,
O ho.
Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Oph. Pray you marke. White h

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my L
Ophe Larded all with sweet flo
Which beweept to the ground die
With true loue showers.
King. How doe you pretty La
Oph. Well good dild you, they
ter, Lord wee know what wee a
God be at your table

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